

喬林 知

イラスト/松本テマリ

裏

明日はマのつく
風が吹く!

元祖ごーじゃす Ver.

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Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Novel - Drama CD 09

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Duel at MA Noon^[1][\[edit\]](#)

By Takabayashi Tomo

Note: This story was published in a booklet along with Drama CD 09, the one corresponding to the first Gaiden novel. Which means that the events taking place here occur prior to the Caloria hen (Vol. 6). Also, this is a sequel to drama CD 05, [MiseMA show!](#) and Yuuri's talking about the special pillows that Anissina created. Remember that pink color is for sexy dreams and silver is for seeing a memory of the past. That's all we know.



In the morning after having a bad dream, food doesn't agree with me.

That's why I couldn't help but make myself disagreeable. After all, last night, I went to sleep with my expectations raised at 200% MAX, after setting the device

for an absolutely PINK ADULT PAY CHANNEL teen lewd dream paradise (no matter what you call it, the contents are always the same).

I had borrowed one of Anissina's special devices, that allowed me to CONTROL my dreams.

Just in case things got out of hands, I made sure to clear out all the people in my room and tried it out alone. This naturally unpopular 16 year old was about to possess a theater to fulfill all his desires.

But.... by the time I woke up, I had received some bad DAMAGE.

Just before I went to sleep I heard people saying all sorts of things, so it turned bad, and also, my training (what kind?) was not enough.....

The story unfolded from midnight to dawn, and even though I said PINK, it was SHOCKING PINK. Furthermore, it was like a primary color marble of horrors. Actually green was mixed in there too, green too. Even though I can't remember the details right now, if you were to compare my current state of mind to something , you could say it's as if I would have been struck out after making a perfect swing that would have guaranteed a home run. And after going back to the bench feeling dejected, the next person advances to first base after receiving four balls. That's how I felt. To be honest I'm quite depressed that I didn't get what I expected. No, strike that, 'quite' doesn't cut it. Even if my face won't show it, I'm utterly depressed.

That's why, after finishing my morning exercises I went back to my room, carelessly, and had no choice but to face Wolfram. After all, this angelic looking 82 year old, had his part in the debacle of my plans. Since Lord von Bielefeld Wolfram is a bishounen prone to low blood pressure, more often than not, he's not a morning person. That's why when I leave early in the morning to run some laps, he's often still half asleep.

When I come back from my workout, he's barely waking up and wants his red tea to rise and shine. As expected from someone who has been a noble since birth, he's truly graceful. Once again this morning, he's reading the newspaper that has been delivered, lounging around, waiting for breakfast.

But why in my room?

"Now, Wolf, every now and then you should go eat in your own room."

"Why?"

While holding a delicate teacup, the previous maou's third son looked up with curious eyes. The morning light coming through the window lit up his honey-blond hair.

"Why you ask...."

"Why are you bringing that up all of a sudden? Don't we always eat together? Anyways, will Conrart be joining us today?"

"If you want to eat with your oniichan, you can both go to the dinning room"

With a blatantly displeased voiced I uttered that over my shoulder, carrying a basket to the small bathroom attached to the room.

"That's not fair, Yuuri. Just because you had a bad dream, you can't take it out on others" said Wolfram with a startled voice, from the other side of the door.

Crap, even he figured it out. As he said, it's wrong for me to be moody because of a dream. Since it's not his fault that he showed up in my dream, it's childish for me to want to kick him out of the room because of that. It was my fault for trusting Anissina-san's invention, and have a fantasy theme park plan in the first place. It was petty of me to try and be popular with the ladies in an alternate fantasy world.

As a man, instead of wanting to imagine a 'cute CHARACTER', I should think of real girls and overcome my shortcomings. This is bad, I'm was about to follow in my brother's footsteps.

I rubbed the shampoo on my scalp with ten fingers, making sure that it didn't get in my eyes.

"That's right. I can't fight reality"

However Wolfram, not understanding at all what I meant, let himself into the conversation.

And he also guessed incorrectly what I was thinking.

"That's right. Since I'm your fiancé in real life, it's obvious that I will show up in

your dreams."

"Wait, that's not what I meant!"

"Then what were you talking about?"

He had opened the door and was leaning back on it with his arms folded looking all high and mighty.

"It's a violation of PRIVACY. Even if we're fiancés, usually people respect each other and do not follow the other into their dream. People generally don't do something so distasteful."

"There's still some soap"

"Oh, c'mon"

Some desperate water droplets splashed as I cleaned the remaining soap off my entire body. After barely drying myself, I left the BATHROOM barefoot. I didn't notice there was water almost all the way to the door until I opened it. I'll clean it later.

"At any rate, you keep saying "we're fiancés", "we're fiancés" all the time but we're both men. Why doesn't anyone ever bring that up?"

"The reason is obvious. In Shin Makoku a marriage is not only between a man and a woman. That's why no one sees anything wrong with it."

"Not only between a man and a woman..... but if there were mostly same-sex couples, the birthrate would decrease, right? "

Wolfram put his index finger to his lovely chin and answered.

"In the last decade, the population has increased slightly."

...I'm sure there are many women like Cherie-sama, huh?... No, that's not the direction that third son wanted to shift the conversation towards. He passed by my wet self's side, returned to the table covered by a pure white tablecloth, and picked up the tea cup. Since the tea was cold, he placed it back on its saucer.

"And that's also thanks to the immigration policies, so at the very least, the birth rate won't decrease. This country is doing well. You don't need to worry... hurry up and dry yourself, you'll catch a cold."

The bathroom robe which I wasn't used to wearing was sloppily opened in the front. I was a bit taken aback by the unexpected discovery. I had only put a towel on my wet hair. Emerald green eyes were looking my way.

"Should I help you dry off?"

"That's fine... uwah"

However the falling droplets on my cheeks and neck were quickly dried up by another person. Conrad had entered the room quickly and used the towel to dry my head from behind. His fingers were rubbing my scalp slowly.

"Good morning, Your Majesty."

This was today's second "good morning". After all, we were running together within the castle's grounds up until a moment ago.

Which meant that while I was wasting my time, Lord Weller had finished showering and changing his clothes. Reliable people get everything done quickly.

"If you stay wet you'll catch a cold. Shall I bring the air heater?"

"It's fine, I'm used to it. I'm not cold."

At any rate, I don't use a hair drier or anything back at home either.

"I'm sorry I came in without permission. I knocked but since you were quarreling, I hurried in. What was the problem?"

He didn't sound like he had hurried in though. Conrad put the towel away, and tied my robe tightly from behind.

"Nothing in particular. It's the same as always."

"And by that you mean"

"Fiance-dono was..."

"Ah, WARMING UP "

Since I understood what he meant, I was about to laugh.

"I did do anything wrong"

"Ah, that's right, I was taking it out on you. Since it was my fault, it was childish of me to blame you."

"Your Majesty, don't tell me that you're still angry about that matter with the dream."

"Believe it or not, that's exactly what this is about" answered Wolfram on my behalf while drinking the cold tea. Today's argument wasn't about asking him to let go of me, or to stop getting touchy-touchy, or about him being annoying like a yappy little dog. While I was thinking about this, he stopped looking at me and returned to reading the newspaper eagerly.

"In fact, he was angry because I appeared in his dream. But I think it is to be expected that I show up in his dream. I mean, because I'm his fiancé."

"That's crazy!"

Surprised by my threatening attitude, Wolfram put the newspaper spread open on the table.

Since the Shin Makoku Shin Nichi daily report was the size of a tabloid, it barely fit on the small table.

"Now look, I told you this before, even among people who are close, boundaries are important. And at any rate, you know? In our case, the fact that we're fiancés was due to an unexpected accident, right? Because I, who didn't know about your traditions, carelessly slapped you on the face. So you know...."

I put both my hands on the table and leaned towards Wolfram. Some droplets fell on the pure white tablecloth.

"Say, to have such a sloppy engagement is wrong. I hadn't had time to think about it properly until now, and it had stayed like this, but getting engaged and getting married is a big deal in one's life, you know? Getting accidentally slapped is not a proper reason to do it, and we were both disrespectful to each other's parents and brothers^[2]. And besides, uh..... there's the matter of me being the king...."

He had an expression as if he was asking 'So?'. Despite being someone who usually looks like a dog about to bite, he was awfully calm this time. As if he had a trump card hidden.

"How do I put it... The people of Shin Makoku would be disappointed. If they knew that the ruler of their country was.... was in.... such a...."

Conrad whispered in my ear. I don't know if he was trying to restrain or encourage me.

"It's useless if you're embarrassed. Your persuasion will go DOWN"

"I know. Ah, uh, if they knew that their ruler was in such a love.... loveless, false relationship."

"But that doesn't seem to be the case"

Wolfram narrowed his eyes and put his hand on the open paper. With his index finger he tapped twice on what seemed to be an illustration.

If it would have been a newspaper on Earth that would be a photograph, but unfortunately there are no CAMERAS in this world. Nonetheless, there it was, a fairly precise image, so impressive that one wouldn't think it was a painting. It was surprising. But after seeing what was in the picture, I suddenly lost all my energy.

"Shin Makoku Royal Diary"

Bummer.

The image, which accounted for a quarter of the page, was a painting that depicted two people leaning on each other's shoulders. As I looked at the familiar faces, those should were... Lord von Bielefeld and me.

"Whazz that...?"

In the back, there were many horses and it looked like the stables we passed by the day before yesterday. Even though it looks like a happy scene from the side, we had actually been arguing. Judging by my tired face, this was immediately after that. It was probably, something regarding our daughter's education.

Conrad peeked over my shoulder, at the part of the Shin Nichi that was being pointed.

"Oh! The quality of the newest psychic photographs are really high"

"Psychic photograph? It's not a painting?"

"That's right. Reporters with strong maryoku use a ma powered devise to take them"

In that instant images of the Shin Makoku Shin Nichi offices appeared in a SCREEN in my brain. I imagined it as a squared box, with several photography engineers surrounding a round table. And while everyone was nodding saying: Mhm, mhm people opened and closed the box with both hands. That way they didn't need to GUARD it or anything.

"....so, it sounds like the KING OF hidden cameras"

"And it's not just the image. There's a really nice article that goes with it. Should I read it for you Yuuri? Since your reading skills are not better than Greta's. In that respect, I was blessed with great reading abilities and talent for literary arts. I don't mean to boast, but my forte are touching love poems."

"Don't make fun of me. I may not be able to read love poems but I can read a senryu^[3]."

Be careful, you have to stop the fast runner.

I then recited about the pain and inconvenience of crashing into the home base, but rather than a humorous poem it sounded like a traffic slogan.

In other words, it's not that I can't read the newspaper articles written in standard mazoku language, I just don't want to read so as to not get disappointed.

"Taking a peaceful stroll, his Majesty and his Excellency, Lord von Bielefeld Wolfram ...uh... ah...."

"What's with that pathetic tone? This is right now the most popular column among the readers."

"This is a misunderstanding! It's a misunderstanding! This is ridiculous!"

"Get a hold of yourself, Your Majesty. After all, this is just a TABLOID. No one takes it seriously. Look, on this page there's a woman talking about how people living underground will overtake us. Shocking! 'We are under-grounders'^[4]... oh, maybe the one who was overtaken was that woman?"

"It's okay Conrad, you don't need to go as far as to make a fake martian voice."

Conrad's words of consolation were not going into my ears anymore.

"It's fine, this is the kind of misunderstanding that follows you for the rest of your life, the kind that when people forget your name they'll go 'Ah, g' afternoon Excellency Wolfram's fiancé!' or, you'll start being recognized as 'the person next to Lord von Bielefeld' and such."

"Oh, no your Majesty, that can't Arai Yakushi^[5]"

"I'm sorry, not even your heart freezing pun can make me laugh. Or rather, I've never laughed at them."

While I was holding my knees on the wet floor, Wolfram was smiling from ear to ear. Because of the sudden cold wind, he was leaning back on his chair with his arms folded.

"I see! So you hate being called your fiancé's fiancé? Then there's a way to get rid of that title."

"Eh, no way"

Will he offer me to end our engagement?!

As I spotted a ray of light, I raised my face vigorously. My nose inadvertently brushed something, it was Wolfram's leg. Crap, crap, he was there so that I could lick his shoes while kneeling. However if he were to really end it, I could easily KISS his toe.

"So, to end the accidental engagement....."

"We can simply go ahead and put things in order(/get married^[6])"

Huh?

For a second my vision went machiro^[7], no I mean, everything turned completely white. I thought I had been covered by the tablecloth. What do we have to put in order? How do I make sure that the things are in order? I have no idea though.

"It's not good to continue in this engagement limbo. We should put things in order(/get married), and move things forward."

I got a bad feeling about this.

"Uhhh.... and what exactly is ahead of an engagement? Engagement PLUS?"

Engagement RETURNS? Tell me Conrad, is it a word that starts with 'kon' (konin: marriage)?"

Lord Weller replied in a troubled voice.

"I guess it's marriage"

I knew it.

Half way through his answer my head was already hanging down.

The worst, I had been presented with the worst possible solution.

And right in front of me, while I was completely discouraged, Wolfram was probably smiling overjoyed. Perhaps because my shoulders were trembling due to the shock, they might have believed that I was choking down my tears. How can I get married? How can I protest against this energetic bishounen? My poor brain lacking life experience went round and round.

"Marriage, it's too soon... I mean, look your, your big brother hasn't gotten married yet, right? If a younger brother gets a bride before an older brother, then the public opinion will.... eh, no wait, wait me! That's wrong, that's not the problem here, right!?"

I can't do it like this. I can't convince anyone while on the floor on my hands and knees. Stand, stand up John! Wait, who's John^[8]? Anyways, as I was standing up, I held onto something, and pulled the tablecloth. I can't be trying to master a hidden talent in this foreign country^[9]! I got up by borrowing Conrad's hand, and turned to Wolfram smiling face. My lower body was cold but this wasn't the time to be worried about the chill after a bath.

"Listen, Wolf. A man can't be a bride. The kanji for tomorrow is written as 'bright day'^[10], and in Japan the kanji for 'bride' is written with the parts 'woman' and 'house'. And regardless of how cute you are, and how much you look like an angel, I don't want a man as my bride!"

"Don't worry, I know that perfectly well. Don't worry, Yuuri. I have absolutely no desire of getting the position of your 'bride' or 'wife'."

"Really!? Yay, I'm so happy, we finally reached an understanding!"

"Yeah, so Yuuri"

But before I could raise my arms and rejoice, Wolfram declared triumphantly.

"Don't worry, you can become my bride."

"....."

Flowers and bride. Together mean: bride^[11]. Despite being devastated, Lord von Bielefeld kept talking. He had a much more vivid imagination than me.

"Since you're getting married during your reign, we have to call everyone in the country to come to the celebration. And since we now have diplomatic relationships with a lot more countries, that means we'll have more distinguished guests from abroad. That's right, I'll ask mother, to choose a jet black outfit. It will certainly look good on you. You may be a henachoko as a king, but you have good looks."

"A bride wearing black? E-engiwarui~ (bad omen)"

Conrad didn't say anything and only raised his eyebrows. He had the face of someone who had to pass on the DESSERT that they were looking forward to. That's not like him. Before my eyes, a hard handshake with both hands interrupted Wolfram's WEDDING SIMULATION somehow.

"Wait a moment. You've been talking for a while about a bride, what bride are you talking about now..... or rather who? Conrad, translate. I beg you please, call a translator. Someone please explain Wolf that the discussion is about the two of us not being engaged."

"You don't want mother to choose the outfit? Well, then Gisela...."

"No! That's not the problem here!"

Any minute now, a blood vessel was about to pop.

Despite not being a patient man in ordinary circumstances, I had put up with this situation up until today, while waiting for the other party to turn down the engagement. And that was because my partner was a spoiled puu (prince), the proud Former Prince. That being said, without knowing the etiquette, it was my fault that I inadvertently proposed to him. I acknowledge that.

And because of that, so that I wouldn't hurt him, from that moment on, I had not ended the engagement, regardless of how many times I was closed to. But,

Wolfram has absolutely no desire of turning down the proposal. On the contrary, every time that the engagement topic came up, he insisted on getting things settled.

I think that the owner of a normal brain, would have run away while getting angry or crying. As for me, I wanted to congratulate myself for trying so hard, and putting up with all of that.

But I couldn't do it anymore, it was unmanageable. God, I couldn't take it anymore.

I placed both hands on the table, and approached Wolfram, who was staring at me puzzled, until both of our noses were touching.

I felt dizzy. My small brains were shaking in my skull.

"..... there's one more way to eliminate the title"

"Yuuri, calm down"

Conrad put his hand on my shoulder.

But I can't stop. I'm decided to say it. I take in some oxygen, and in the next moment, I say it in one breath.

"Breaking off the engagement"

Wolfram moved his beautiful lips, trying to say my name. But before the sound could reach my ears, I slammed the towel I was clenching onto the table, and turned my heels to walk away.

The inside of my ear screeched in pain. But it was just a moment. It subsided right away. It didn't take longer than a split second.



Me, who had left the room in a hurry wearing only a bathrobe just past noon, was found by all my vassals.

I wonder if I have an inbuilt GPS? Or could it be that when Conrad went to get

some food, my whereabouts were revealed?

"Why? Why are you up on the roof?"

"You don't need to come here"

Gwendal, while making full use of his long limbs, dangerously crawled up the slope. Judging by the way he was holding on, Lord von Voltaire is not good with heights. I laughed a little bit as he looked like a well-bred gecko.

I had escaped through the castle's third floor hallway, and sat on the south side of the roof where there's a good view. I sat with my back against the castle's wall and my legs spread out. Not having walls around or a ceiling actually felt good. When I looked up to the slightly clouded sky, I didn't have to do so through any fences.

"Since there's no wind today, it's nice and warm"

"Even if you say so, your Majesty, you're not wearing enough clothes. If you wear such thin clothes for a long time, you'll end up catching a cold, and what will we do then?"

Following Gwendal, Günter started to get on the roof through the window. Surely, his fluttery clothes were much difficult to move in than my bathrobe. Even though he only walked 10 meters, his cloak got caught on the tiles about 4 times.

"Conrad brought me clothes, but look. If I were to change here in the open, someone standing on the ground could see me completely naked and then I would become a real naked king^[12]. I wouldn't mind if it was a place with only men, but there are maids and female soldiers passing through. Rather than worrying about me, watch your step. Stumbling here would be dangerous."

Under the eaves there were many people coming and going. There were some guards who were not moving, and also cooks trotting from here to there, getting ingredients.

But up here it's a different world. No one is rushing in the slightest. The sky is really close. High-places are peaceful, perfect to get lost in thought.

While they were breathing heavily, the person next to me finally arrived to my

side. Gwendal was carrying a thick bundle of papers under his arm. Since he heard about the engagement ending, he's probably bringing me the relevant documents. News travel fast. And since he's Wolfram's older brother, I wonder what he thinks about this matter. Is he angry? Is he happy? Or is it that as a person involved in politics, he's just here to make sure that the king who broke free, is not captured by anyone?

Given the first and second options, I extended a preemptive apology.

"There are partners more suitable for your little brother.... "

"Wait. Even though I heard something about such matter, I'm not here to talk about that."

Then what did you come here for?

"Your Majesty, I, Günter, am overjoyed! You finally reconsidered!"

"I don't want to hear your opinion, bastard^[13]. Be quiet, so that you're not in the way."

"In the way!? How can you say that!? If you're not happy about his Majesty returning to the right path, doesn't that mean that you're not suitable to work by his royal side?"

"I don't care one way or the other in the slightest."

I was surprised. It seemed that Gwendal and Günter were actually pretty good friends, huh?

Since I had never seen those two interacting much, it was refreshing. I wondered if that type of scene took place often while I was away on expeditions.

"So if you didn't come to lecture me on that matter, then why did you come all the way out here? It's not for a lunch invitation, right?"

"It's about the dream"

Gwendal turned serious all of a sudden, and put the bundle of documents on his knees.

"I heard that you had a nightmare, but.... is it true ?"

"Uheeee...eh....."

I let out a strange sound that let everyone wondering . Certainly, I did. That was a bad dream, it must have been a nightmare. I wonder if it wasn'ta nightmare. But.....

"Tell me about the contents in detail."

"Ehhhh~!? T-t-t-t-t-tt-that... I can't tell you about something so embarrassing, okay!? I absolutely can't do that!"

The things that I did with Wolfram and Conrad in the shadows came in all sorts of flavors. After all, the BASE was a teen's PINK DREAM.

A transcendental beauty and a well accomplished man, is a duo that would trouble any woman. The type that would be too hot for anyone to stand. Even if they try to encourage you, it would still be unbearable, and you'd start breathing heavily through your nose.

Nonetheless Günter was starting to look desperate, and pulled the sleeve of my bathrobe. He was about to spree Gün-juice.

"Your Majesty, is there something you can tell us? What kind of hideous nightmare was it? Please tell us both. Otherwise something terrible might happen. A terrible calamity may befall our Shin Makoku."

"W-Why!?"

"A premonitory dream."

"A premonitory dream?"

"That's right. People with strong maryoku especially someone who has reached the position of Maou, can sometimes have premonitory dreams. The predecessor of his Majesty, would also often have dreams that would come true. Well, in the case of that person, it was mostly about when the suitable time to meet her next love interest would be. But in the past there have been predictions of natural disasters and accidents. Oh.... your Majesty can't control his own power, it is a bottomless pit of maryoku. In other words, the chances that the dream was a premonition is high"

"It's just as Gwendal says, your Majesty. Please tell us about the nightmare that you had last night! It's to save the lives of citizens. Now, c'mon, c'mon, tell

me in fine detail what happen."

"You're kidding, right?"

Since I was in denial, I gave a panicked response. There was no way that confessing my teenage preference in lewd dream^[14] to them, could prevent a disaster.

"N-no, wait. Wait a second! My dream last night was about being sought after by two people. It wasn't an elegant dream at all, you know? It had nothing to do with earthquakes, floods, thunderstorms, fires, or my father^[15]. It was just a normal bad luck (engiwarui) EPISODE. It's a situation that can never happen in real life. No incidents or accidents occurred, so it can't possibly be called a prediction."

"No, that's not necessarily true"

Gwendal's forehead wrinkles increased by one, as he shook his head looking more serious than usual.

"The disaster doesn't necessarily have to be seen in the dream. Sometimes people or animals represent different types of misfortune, generally they are connected to the owner of the maryoku himself. So hurry up and tell us what your dream was about! In the content of such dreams we might find the key to what will happen. We'll try to find a match in this book."

He tapped the thick bundle of papers placed on his knees with one of the fingers in his long hand.

"This is the latest revised version of a study done 120 years ago, but since it was an emergency, we got a hold of it before it was published. It's the very last version, that is not available yet to the public, the information was acquired so early. Ghh... Gwendal, you're so cool"

And while Günter showed his excitement, Gwendal didn't look as annoyed as one would expect.

"What? Do you want to hear about my heroic tale?"

Is it such a great study? No, let me say this again.

This is ridiculous!

If accidents and disasters can change their appearance in a dream, then can't any dream be a premonitory dream? For example, a big chested girl can mean a volcanic eruption, and running around not being able to find a toilet to pee, could be understood as warning for heavy floods? Impossible!

I had to escape that place somehow, and I moved backwards impatiently, but my back quickly hit the castle's wall.

"You won't leave me alone no matter what, right?"

"Yeah"

"Yes"

The two handsome men said at the same time. Being stared at by blue and purple eyes, I couldn't buy myself any more time.

"Really, is there nothing that.... ? Ah, enough! I don't know when to give up. Okay, I get it. I'll confess. But in return, you must absolutely not laugh!"

"We promise we won't laugh"

I didn't realize it at the moment. It would have been better to just laugh it off, than to tell it as an embarrassing memory.

"..... Fine, I'll come clean but..... that's right, but let me tell you this, especially Gwendal. This story is complete fiction. All characters and organizations appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, is purely coincidental, as it has nothing to do with reality. Don't you go getting angry at me because your little brothers got entangled in such unspeakable acts, okay? Well, you see.... uh.... well, in short"

I put my hands to my forehead, as if I was praying to the heavens, and shut my eyes. To speak right under the eyes of god(/sun) would be too indecent, so I convinced them to come closer and had no choice but to spill it all out.

"So, in short, this is what happened. For some reason, I, who had been waiting by the water fountain at the park, met with a girl wearing a V neck that reached til her bellybutton. I ate a hot-dog at the baseball cafe, and she stored sunflower seeds in her cheeks"

The color on Günter's face changed.

"In her cheeks... How awful! "

"That's why I said it was a dream. And even though there was a nice atmosphere, walking around while the shops opened, since there were morning-glories growing from her mouth..... we went to resting area. Don't ask me why the sunflower seeds turned into morning-glories. By the time we went into the resting area, I wondered why the girl was blooming morning-glories and leaves, but I didn't insist on the subject."

"There were even leaves, huh?"

"Yeah, they were still buds. And that's when your little brothers showed up....."

My shoulders dropped as I re-lived that morning's disappointment.

"..... Conrad was grinning from behind a pillar, and Wolfram was raging calling me flirt and other names. Conrad kept grinning and Wolfram told me "imitate enari kazuki^[16]" and Conrad kept grinning"

The two people with me seemed to be completely lost and looked at each other. It was a little amusing.

"What shall we do? Enari kazuki appeared in his dream"

"Of all things, why enari kazuki!?"

I had no idea why in the world they were so concerned. Since I don't watch WataOni^[17] I don't know, but it sounded as if he was worse than Izumi Pinko^[18].

"And then, when I mentioned her long V neck, she immediately turned into an alien, showing her true character of being a green SLIME monster. Ah, do you know what SLIME is? Well, I guess you don't need to. But then that thing's tentacles got up my nose and Wolf said "imitate oowada baku"^[19] and was really loud, and Conrad kept grinning."

Günter put his hand up suddenly.

"Excuse me, your majesty, did oowadabaku have a long nose?"

"As long as it was sticking out it would win over the enari kazuki"

"Anyways"

Gwendal grabbed my shoulders tightly with his big hands. It was strange for him to make physical contact. Compared to his two younger brothers, he's much colder. So even a minor contact like this, was welcome and made me happy. Or maybe it was simply because I didn't know him very well. If I were closer to him, I'd have more information and would know him better.

"I want to thank you for telling me everything. I'll try to match this to the cases I have in this book ah"

The papers on Gwen's knees slipped off his knees diagonally and in the middle of the bundle, a cover was revealed. It was white with the TITLE written in eerie letters that mimicked blood.

"Poison Lady Anissina and this Month's Pudding (working title)^[20]"

"Ah, is this a new book!? It's done? Let me read it."

In that instant, Gwendal's upset expression, looked very much like Dacascos, when Gisela gives him one of her stern stares.

"You can't! I still haven't finish re-writing this.... no, I mean, it's just a draft. I'll get in trouble if I show this to anyone when Anissina is not around"

"Tch, you sure have it good Gwen, she lets you read it before anyone else. Dammit, I want to find out so badly what happened to the bitter soldier Gu • Uendal^[21] that can't change back, and fell into earthworm hell.

He panicked so much, he almost fell off the roof, two sheets of the important documents flew out. I wonder why he's in such a hurry.

"The important parts are here. Hn? Yes, they should be in this tied bundle."

(title)"I love this so much! Anissina-chan's very loose capricious walk through dream premonitions"(title)

Does he really believe in that?



"..... So, why are we wearing these clothes standing at the entrance of the forest?"

Günter, Gwendal, and I were visiting the forests right outside the capital dressed in strange clothes.

"This is, of course, so that the premonitory dream that your Majesty has told us about doesn't occur."

Replied Günter proudly, giving a model answer.

Even though he was wearing a weird leather strap around his face and neck, he didn't seem bothered at all. But I didn't feel the same. For a while I've been bothered about his appearance and Gwendal's.

"The green monster represents the tree and the forests. The fact that it blocked your nostrils, means that for some reason there might be some toxic smoke coming from this forest. And then there's the baku (spirit that eats dreams). There was a baku in the dream, right?"

"I think it was just a cameo appearance though"

"Since the baku had a long nose, then that would be another reference to toxic smoke."

Even when I put my chin up, I couldn't forget about the strange outfit I was wearing.

The three of us were wearing strange outfits at high noon, standing at the entrance of the dense forest. And... we were in girls clothes. On top of that, Gwendal was pointing at his manuscript, reading from it.

"To prevent the dreams from becoming a reality, you must pass the door that men cannot cross found between the trees, and once there, the first thing you must do, is have a match where you put your life on the line -nari (or something). In this way, the prediction of any disaster will vanish, and any misfortune will disappear -nari (or something)'..... that's what it says."

"A match where one's life is on the line? In other words, a duel. A duel again? Really~? Am I really the only one who has to fight in a duel in order to prevent the forest to release poisonous gas? On top of that, why am I pointlessly cross-

dressing while the sun is at it's highest point, is it necessary for everyone to wear that?

"And what about that last word 'nari' (or something)? It sounds like a trap right?

"But, this is a 120 year old masterpiece that has been revised over and over again. Since the author is Anissina, people have believed in it for a long time, that's why we know the information is credible"

Regardless of his wonderful voice while trying to convince, it was all ruined by that Chinese dress with a slit up to the thigh.

"Gwendal, you could find a dress for someone your size. If it would have been me, I couldn't have found it."

Günter was making an honest observation, but I remembered that jade-colored dress. If memory serves me correctly, it was originally Gurrier-chan's.

On the other hand, before I could hear any complains, I borrowed one of Gisela-san's military uniforms. The sleeves were tight, but the chest area was loose. It reminded me that I don't have enough pectoral muscles, but it was much better than wearing a dress or a skirt.

However when I showed up in front of Günter, wearing his daughter's clothes, he was shocked. His eyebrows were really high and he was about to release his juices at any moment, so he clenched sadly to handkerchief. Did he hate it so much? One would usually hate a man borrowing the clothes of one's beloved daughter, right? But I stopped myself, it wasn't his fault . If Günter were to put on Greta's clothes, I would react the same way.

"Will you be okay wearing that Günter? Borrowing Cherie-sama's INFINITY DRESS?"

Barely covering his skin(in other words, wearing only underwear), with a leather strap on his face and a saddle on his back, Lady von Christ Gün-chan snorted. His beautiful long hair fell over his shoulders, but wearing only that didn't count as cross-dressing.

"I'm fine, because I'm a mare. So I'm disguised as a female"

"Well, the leather straps are reins then"

"His Majesty can hold my reins any time"

If Gisela could see this, she would lament clicking her tongue saying "A mare!" so loud that she might splash some saliva.

Gwendal in his Chinese dress, me, as a female officer, and then, Günter.... the mare, entered the forest carefully. Going in with Lord von Voltaire and Lord von Christ, the man power was increased by five, so there was nothing to fear. But, because they were not used to the female clothes and walking like ladies, they had to be more careful than usual. By seeing this, I could realize that Josak must be a greatly skilled man in order to run around in a mini-skirt.

"So, you must pass the door that men cannot cross found between the trees, and once there, the first thing you must do, is have a match where you put your life on the line - ari (if there is). In this way, the prediction of any disaster will vanish-wori(wally), and any misfortune will disappear -rihaberi (rehabilitation), that's how it was right?"

"More or less, yes."

"But Gwen, if there's a duel..... then that means that right now, my life will be in danger"

"That's why we have to look for animals"

While we were chatting like that in high-heels, the grass swayed underneath. Mosquitoes and frogs came out.

"But it can't be cute tiny animals. Rather than a fight, that would be animal abuse. In order to have a good match it should be a convenient animal to come by an animal. A bear or a wild boar would be nice."

"Stop joking Gwendal, do you want to encounter a bear and have it hurt his majesty? A more friendly one would be best, like a turtle, right?"

"Not bad! If it's a turtle I think I could win.... Sorry, I shouldn't be boasting....."

"Shhhhh"

Günter put his index finger to his mouth. He heard the footsteps of an animal. His eyes were like those of a beast hunting for his prey. Or rather Günter, you're

a mare!

The sound approached slowly. It was imminent as it came right from the other side of the bushes. From the rhythm of its footsteps on the grass it was clearly bipedal. Crap, this is an unmanageable heavyweight.

"Majesty, the secret of a victory is the element of surprise, surprise. Should I kick the enemy before it shows up with these two hind legs?"

"No, wait. At the very least we have to check what our opponent is. It might be an old lady from the neighborhood who came to pick up mushrooms."

"Amazing. As expected from his Majesty, you make it sound so easy with your deductive powers"

While we were whispering, Gwendal took his sword out and started walking towards the gloomy bushes. Even if he was wearing a Chinese dress, his arms moved properly. He poked the bushes quickly with his sword, and the enemy charged. Metals collided. It seems it wasn't an elder picking up mushrooms.

"Older brother..... why do you look like that?"



The older brother that had won the younger brother's respect, was utterly depressed after being caught in such embarrassing clothes. He, who was never much of a talker, was even less talkative now. I didn't know how he felt. He was caught by his much younger cute little brother wearing one of Gurrier-chan's dresses. His dignity as the older brother plummeted with a thud. And now he was patting something like a little rabbit that had come from the bushes.

"Uh, older brother..... I don't care about that. If you wish, I'll just pretend I didn't see you"

"Be gentle, Wolf. The more you talk, the more he'll get depressed"

"That's right Wolfram, if someone from my family would see me like that, I would probably want to change my gender the next morning"

I wouldn't want to see that. Or rather, I don't think that dressing like a horse is any better than wearing a Chinese dress.

"So tell me, what in the world are Yuuri and the rest of you doing in this place!? And also, what's up with those clothes!? Isn't that Gisela's uniform!?"

"That's , embarrassing to talk about....."

"So, Yuuri, you dislike the idea of a black wedding dress, but a female military uniform is okay!?"

Wolfram, who was not forced to cross-dress to enter the forest, had no reason to be embarrassed. According to what we had been told men could not enter the forest from the slope through which we entered, but he came from the opposite side. I wonder if there's an entry for men and one for women?

"I did as the book instructed. You pass the door found between the trees, and once there, the first thing you must do, is have a match where you put your life on the line -nari (or something). In this way, the prediction of any disaster will vanish, and any misfortune will disappear -nari (or something)....."

"Yes, I heard something like that a moment ago? Or rather, it's almost precisely what Gwendal read"

"Older brother? What did he read?"

"..... A way to interfere with the premonitions in a dream-nari (or something)" muttered Gwendal to himself.

But that's when the always energetic third son, took a brown book the size of a textbook from his pocket and showed it to his older brother.

'I love this so much! Anissina-chan's very loose capricious walk through dream premonitions'. That's the book.

"No, older brother. That was the section ' How to get rid of your friend's nightmare-nari (or something)' "

"No, Wolfram. Look again, that's the old version of the book"

Indeed, Gwendal taking advantage of his privileges had brought the latest version that had not been published yet. So our newest information was more valuable. If that's the case, the latest ultra-new information was re-written for

the latest version.

"Uh, then, what does this mean ? "

"That if his Majesty has a duel with Wolfram, the premonitions from the dream will not come true. "

"Huuuh? What? Is it okay if the duel's with Wolf? You should have said that sooner! Okay, since you don't know, the GREEN MONSTER in the dream, means that there's going to be a poisonous GAS that's going to be released, and in order to stop that you just have to lose the duel."

In theory, that should do it. And although it's only a theory, the problem is the difference between Wolfram's and my skills. Although thanks to a fluke it ended up in a draw the other time, in regards to his sword, his brains, his face, and resistance it was really his win.

Since I can select the COMMAND 'ask him for help'[\[22\]](#) I'll be able to win somehow.

"Please Wolf, in order to stop the premonitory dream from coming true, please lose the duel for me"

"I refuse"

"Ah, thank goodness, thank y..... WHAT!?"

The third son was standing there, using his sword as a walking stick looking at us with hidden determination in his eyes. It was a sign that he was going to oppose us.

"That's..... Wolf, why?"

"I have my reasons, and I want to win this no matter what, so it will be a duel fair and square. "

Wolfram stepped out of the bushes' loose soil, and onto firm ground.

"Yuuri, that's unlike you. I can't believe you wouldn't want a proper match"

That's right.

I bit my lip harshly and tasted some blood.

It's exactly as he said. Asking someone to let themselves get beaten is not like

me. At the very least with Wolf as my opponent, it means that he won't try any cheap tricks.

"Günter, sword."

"Your Majesty, this is insane."

"Insane or not, I won't know if I don't try it "

I grabbed the weapon that was taken out and given to me, while its weight and cold temperature passed onto my right hand. It spread from my fingers, to my arm, and all the way to my shoulders, and scattered throughout my body.

"Wolf"

"What?"

"..... Win or lose, let's have dinner tonight"

Gwendal, Günter, and the trembling baby rabbit all tilted their heads to one side. Only Wolfram raised the corner of his lips, smiling like a mighty warrior.

"I was thinking the same"

Since he could read all my attacks, I had no choice but to stop and think for a moment. The person who makes the first move always wins, so before letting my opponent move, I dashed.

"..... eh"

I was caught!^[23] The dash was good, but suddenly there was no ground under my feet and my legs were up in the air. My whole body was turned and I ended up head down.

When I recovered from the panic, I was high up in the branches, suspended upside-down. And right next to me, with our noses touching, was Wolfram's face, completely red due to the blood that had flowed down.

"Good grief, these two."

While looking towards my toes, I saw Conrad sitting on the sturdy branches, his long legs dangling.

In the end, he couldn't help but to hold his troublesome little brother dear, but the youngest child was absolutely not smiling in this situation.

"The second I get my eyes off you, you end up in a weird place"

"..... Conrad"

There was that screeching inside my ear again. Just as the one I felt that morning, that subsided in a split second.

Below, Günter was making a fuss, and Gwendal was DIVING into the bushes. I wonder if anyone was watching the scene.

"This is a problem Conrad. Hurry up and put me down! Gwendal and Günter said that I had to stop the dream from coming true. If I don't win the duel with the first person who showed up, the green SLIME will spit poisonous gas through its tentacles, into my nose...."

After breathing harshly for a moment, I finally regained composure. Didn't this all start with my stupid dream? It really didn't have that much content, and anyone would have thought it was only a dumb dream. But why did it predict the duel? Was it such an important thing? While raising my body slowly I glanced at Wolfram's reddened face. He was disheartened, just like that, hanging upside down.

"It's a Green Beret trap that I learned in the courses. Every now and then, they come in handy"

"..... you how far did you go?"

"I also have some experience as a paratrooper. I got SAS and MOSSAD special training. They were quite interesting, although there was also one guy who would always wake up screaming in the middle of the night."

Anyways, Conrad stretched to the branches and cut the ropes around my ankles. In order to help his little brother, he jumped to another branch, but right before that he whispered.

"Dreams are only dreams, your Majesty"

A dream is a dream, no matter what.

Because the hidden camera technology known as psychic photography had evolved, the critical words that I spat at Wolf and the moment when I slammed the towel, must have surely been photographed.

In tomorrow's newspaper, there might be a big image with the title "The engagement is off" in big letters.

We, who were prepared for it, avoided the topic until the end of the day, and without mentioning the engagement, we had dinner together, and spent the remaining free time until bedtime in a very relaxed way. Actually, it was a very nice night.

When the next day come, our positions might be different but titles don't matter. A title is just a title. At most, it's only a few characters that disappear and it doesn't change the relationship that we had until yesterday.

But actually on the cover of the Shin Nichi of the following day, there was an image of two bewitching Excellencies.

References[[edit](#)]

1. [↑](#) The title is a spoof of the movie 'High Noon', which was translated to Japanese as 'Duel at High Noon'. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/High_Noon
2. [↑](#) Not to introduce each other to the family before the engagement.
3. [↑](#) Senryu: a seventeen-syllable poem which is often satirical
4. [↑](#) As in 'we are aliens'
5. [↑](#) Arai Yakushi-mae is a station https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arai_Yakushi-mae_Station ; also this is Conrad's "that can't be" Alaska pun. The cold winter Yuuri will talk about later is connected to this pun.
6. [↑](#) Yes, 'getting married', 'put things in order', and 'ending things', they're all the same word. Katadsuku -> 片付く
7. [↑](#) This is a dirty joke that means something like: ejaculated completely

instead of completely white.

8. [↑](#) He probably meant to say: should be-> jan, and mispronounced it as John in his head.
9. [↑](#) Like pulling the tablecloth without anything on it falling down.
10. [↑](#) This is also a proverb that can be translated as "Life always offers you a second chance. It's called tomorrow". Btw, the kanji for tomorrow is written with 'bright' and 'day'.
11. [↑](#) Kanjis: bride can be written as yome, or as hanayome (bride who carries the flowers). Technically yome can be used after getting married, as a sweet way of calling your wife (like Shouma does) and hanayome is when the woman is carrying the flowers down the aisle.
12. [↑](#) In Japanese, 'The Emperor's New Clothes' is called 'The Naked King'.
13. [↑](#) Gwendal uses 'kisama' -> 'you bastard' a lot. Sometimes even with Yuuri. This is not something people do... ever, unless you're in the mob, or someone just threw a punch at you. He's quite unrefined for a noble. When he says "I don't care" imagine him saying "I don't give a flying f*****"
14. [↑](#) Hold your panties. This is Japanese and I may have misinterpreted it, literally it's "青少年の好む淫夢" 'the preference in lewd dreams of a teenager'... yeah, no actually let your panties drop, that's as close of an interpretation as it gets.
15. [↑](#) Shouma has a temper?
16. [↑](#) Enari Kazuki is an actor in the show that Yuuri is about to mention. It doesn't mean anything.
17. [↑](#) The show Wataru Seken wa oni Bakari
18. [↑](#) Another character in that show.
19. [↑](#) Same show as before
20. [↑](#) Spoof of "Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince",
21. [↑](#) Gu. Uendal (具・上樽), Anissina's character's name means something like last name: "a tool" first name: "above the barrel".
22. [↑](#) He's talking as if this was an RPG game
23. [↑](#) Dash and caught (stepping on something) are the same word. So he 'dashed' first, and he 'got caught'. This sentence can be read in two ways 'I was caught' or, 'the attack was fine, but then'